COOPERS HILL.

A Poëme.

[2 Ed.]

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See Spence's anecdotes (by Singer) p. 282
for a note on this Ed.

Coopers Hill.

SUre we have Poëts, that did never dreame
Upon *Pernaſſus*, nor did taſte the ſtreame
Of *Helicon*, and therefore I ſuppoſe
Thoſe made not Poëts, but the Poëts thoſe.
And as Courts make not Kings, but Kings the Court;
So where the Muſes, and their Troopes reſort,
Pernaſſus ſtands; if I can be to thee
A Poët, thou *Pernaſſus* art to mee.
Nor wonder, if (advantag'd in my flight,
By taking wing from thy auſpicious height)
Through untrac't waies, and airie paths I flie,
More boundleſſe in my fancie, then my eie.
Exalted to this height, I firſt looke downe
On *Pauls*, as men from thence upon the towne. *Pauls.*
Pauls, the late Theme of ſuch a Muſe, whoſe flight Mr *Waller.*
Hath bravely reacht and ſoar'd above thy height:
Now ſhalt thou ſtand, though Time, or Sword, or Fire,
Or Zeale (more fierce then they) thy fall conſpire,
Secure, while thee the beſt of Poets ſings,
Preſerv'd from ruine by the beſt of Kings.
As thoſe who rais'd in body, or in thought
Above the Earth, or the Aires middle Vault,
Behold how winds, and ſtormes, and Meteors grow,
How clouds condenſe to raine, congeale to ſnow,
And ſee the Thunder form'd, before it teare
The aire, ſecure from danger and from feare;
So rais'd above the tumult and the crowd
I ſee the City in a thicker cloud *London.*

Of buſineſſe, then of ſmoake; where men like Ants
Toyle to prevent imaginarie wants;
Yet all in vaine, increaſing with their ſtore,
Their vaſt deſires, but make their wants the more.
As food to unſound bodies, though it pleaſe
The Appetite, feeds onely the diſeaſe;
Where with like haſte, though ſeverall waies they runne:
Some to undoe, and ſome to be undone:
While Luxurie, and wealth, like Warre and Peace,
Are each the others ruine, and increaſe,
As Rivers loſt in Seas ſome ſecret veine
Thence reconveies, there to be loſt againe.
Some ſtudy plots, and ſome thoſe plots t'undoe,
Others to make 'em, and undoe 'em too,
Falſe to their hopes, affraid to be ſecure,
Thoſe miſchiefes onely which they make, endure,
Blinded with light, and ſicke of being well,
In tumults ſeeke their peace, their heaven in hell.
Oh happineſſe of ſweet retir'd content!
To be at once ſecure, and innocent.
Windſor the next (where *Mars* with *Venus* dwels,
Beauty with ſtrength) above the valley ſwels
Into my eie, as the late married Dame,
(Who proud, yet ſeemes to make that pride her ſhame)
When Nature quickens in her pregnant wombe
Her wiſhes paſt, and now her hopes to come:
With ſuch an eaſie, and unforc'd Aſcent,
Windſor her gentle boſome doth preſent:
Where no ſtupendious Cliffe, no threatning heights
Acceſſe deny, no horrid ſteepe affrights,
But ſuch a Riſe, as doth at once invite
A pleaſure, and a reverence from the ſight.
Thy Maſters Embleme, in whoſe face I ſaw
A friend-like ſweetneſſe, and a King-like aw;
Where Majeſtie and love ſo mixt appeare,
Both gently kind, both royally ſevere.
So *Windſor*, humble in it ſelfe, ſeemes proud
To be the Baſe of that Majeſticke load.

Than

Than which no hill a nobler burthen beares,
But *Atlas* onely, that ſupports the ſpheres.
Nature this mount ſo fitly did advance,
We might conclude, that nothing is by chance,
So plac'r, as if ſhe did on purpoſe raiſe
The Hill, to rob the builder of his praiſe;
For none commends his judgement, that doth chuſe
That which a blind man onely could refuſe;
Such are the Towers which th'hoary Temples grac'd
Of *Cibele*, when all her heavenly race — *The Mother of the gods.*
Doe homage to her, yet ſhe cannot boaſt
Amongſt that Numerous, and Celeſtiall hoaſt
More *Heroës*, then can *Windſore*, nor doth Fames
Immortall booke record more noble Names.
Not to looke backe ſo farre, to whom this Ile
Muſt owe the glory of ſo brave a Pile;
Whether to *Caſar*, *Albanact*, or *Brute*,
The Brittiſh *Arthur*, or the Daniſh *Knute*,
(Though this of old no leſſe conteſt did move,
Then when for *Homers* birth ſeaven Cities ſtrove)
(Like him in birth, thou ſhouldſt be like in Fame,
As thine his fate, if mine had beene his Flame.)
But whoſo'ere it was, Nature deſign'd
Firſt a brave place, and then as brave a minde;
Nor to recount thoſe ſeverall Kings, to whom
It gave a Cradle, or to whom a Tombe;
But thee (great *Edward*) and thy greater ſonne,
He that the Lillies wore, and he that wonne, — Edward *the third, and the black Prince.*
And thy *Bellona*, who deſerves her ſhare — *Queene* Philip.
In all thy glories; Of that royall paire
Which waited on thy triumph, ſhe brought one,
Thy ſonne the other brought, and ſhe that ſonne; — *The Kings of France & Scotland.*
Nor of leſſe hopes could her great off ſpring prove,
A Royall Eagle cannot breed a Dove.
Then didſt thou found that Order: whether love — *The Garter.*
Or victory thy Royall thoughts did move,
Each was a Noble cauſe, nor was it leſſe
I'th inſtitution, then the great ſucceſſe,

Whilſt

Whilſt every part conſpires to give it grace,
The King, the Cauſe, the Patron, and the place,
Which forreigne Kings, and Emperors eſteeme
The ſecond honour to their Diademe.
Had thy great deſtiny but given thee skill
To know as well, as power to act her will,
That from thoſe Kings, who then thy captives were,
In after-times ſhould ſpring a Royall paire,
Who ſhould poſſeſſe all that thy mighty power,
Or thy deſires more mighty did devoure;
To whom their better fate reſerves what ere
The Victor hopes for, or the vanquiſht feare;
That bloud, which thou, and thy great Grandſire ſhed,
And all that ſince theſe ſiſter Nations bled,
Had beene unſpilt, had happy *Edward* knowne
That all the bloud he ſpilt, had beene his owne;
Thou hadſt extended through the conquer'd Eaſt,
Thine and the Chriſtian name, and made them bleſt
To ſerve thee, while that loſſe this gaine would bring,
Chriſt for their God, and *Edward* for their King;
St *George.* When thou that Saint thy Patron didſt deſigne,
In whom the Martyr, and the Souldier ioyne;
And when thou didſt within the Azure round
(Who evill thinks may evill him confound)
The Engliſh Armes encircle, thou didſt ſeeme
But to foretell, and Prophecie of him,
Who has within that Azure round confin'd
Theſe Realmes, which Nature for their bound deſign'd.
That bound which to the worlds extreameſt ends,
Endleſſe her ſelfe, her liquid armes extends;
In whoſe Heroicke face I ſee the Saint
Better expreſt, then in the livelieſt paint;
That fortitude which made him famous here,
That heavenly piety, which Saint's him there,
Who when this Order he forſakes, may he
Companion of that ſacred Order be.
Here could I fix my wonder, but our eies,
Nice as our taſtes, affect varieties;

And though one pleaſe him moſt, the hungry gueſt
Taſts every diſh, and runs through all the feaſt;
So having taſted *Windſor*, caſting round
My wandring eye, an emulous Hill doth bound — St *Annes Hill*
My more contracted ſight, whoſe top of late
A Chappell crown'd, till in the common fate
The neighbouring Abbey fell, (may no ſuch ſtorme — *Chertſey*
Fall on our times, where ruine muſt reforme.) — *Abbey.*
Tell me (my Muſe) what monſtrous dire offence,
What crime could any Chriſtian King incenſe
To ſuch a rage? waſ't Luxurie, or Luſt?
Was he ſo temperate, ſo chaſt, ſo juſt?
Were theſe their crimes? they were his own, much more.
But they (alas) were rich, and he was poore;
And having ſpent the treaſures of his Crowne,
Condemnes their Luxurie, to feed his owne;
And yet this act, to varniſh o're the ſhame
Of ſacriledge, muſt beare devotions name;
And he might thinke it juſt, the cauſe, and time
Conſidered well; for none commits a crime,
Appearing ſuch, but as 'tis underſtood,
A reall, or at leaſt a ſeeming good.
While for the Church his learned Pen diſputes,
His much more learned ſword his Pen confutes;
Thus to the Ages paſt he makes amends,
Their charity deſtroyes, their faith defends.
Then did Religion in a lazy Cell,
In emptie, ayrie contemplations dwell;
And like the blocke unmoved lay, but ours
As much too active like the Storke devours.
Is there no temperate Region can be knowne,
Betwixt their frigid, and our Torrid Zone?
Could we not wake from that Lethargicke dreame,
But to be reſtleſſe in a worſe extreame?
And for that Lethargy was there no cure,
But to be caſt into a Calenture?
Can knowledge have no bound, but muſt advance
So farre, to make us wiſh for ignorance?

And

And rather in the darke to grope our way,
Then led by a falſe guide to erre by day?
Parting from thence 'twixt anger, ſhame, and feare
Thoſe for what's paſt, and this for what's too neare:
My eye deſcending from the Hill ſurvaies
Where Thames amongſt the wanton valleyes ſtrayes;
Thames the moſt lov'd of all the Oceans ſonnes,
By his old ſire to his imbraces runnes,
Haſting to pay his tribute to the Sea,
Like mortall life to meet Eternity:
And though his clearer ſand no golden veynes,
Like *Tagus* and *Pactolus* ſtreames containes,
His genuine, and leſſe guilty wealth t'explore,
Search not his bottome, but behold his ſhore;
O're which he kindly ſpreads his ſpacious wing,
And hatches plenty for th'enſuing Spring,
Nor with a furious, and unruly wave,
Like profuſe Kings, reſumes the wealth he gave:
No unexpected Inundations ſpoile
The Mowers hopes, nor mocke the Plough-mans toyle:
Then like a Lover he forſakes his ſhores,
Whoſe ſtay with jealous eies his ſpouſe implores,
Till with a parting kiſſe he ſaves her teares,
And promiſing returne, ſecures her feares;
As a wiſe King firſt ſettles fruitfull peace
In his owne Realmes, and with their rich increaſe
Seekes warre abroad, and then in triumph brings
The ſpoyles of Kingdomes, and the Crownes of Kings:
So Thames to *London* doth at firſt preſent
Thoſe tributes, which the neighbouring countriss ſent;
But at his ſecond viſit from the Eaſt,
Spices he brings, and treaſures from the Weſt;
Findes wealth where 'tis, and gives it where it wants,
Cities in Deſarts, woods in Cities plants,
Rounds the whole Globe, and with his flying towers
Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours:
So that to us no thing, no place is ſtrange
Whilſt thy faire boſome is the worlds Exchange:

O

O could my verſe freely and ſmoothly flow,
As thy pure flood, heav'n ſhould no longer know
Her old *Eridanus*, thy purer ſtreame
Should bathe the gods, and be the Poëts Theame.
Here Nature, whether more intent to pleaſe — *The Forreſt.*
Us or her ſelfe with ſtrange varieties,
(For things of wonder more, no leſſe delight
To the wiſe makers, then beholders ſight.
Though theſe delights from ſeverall cauſes move,
For ſo our Children, thus our freinds we love.)
Wiſely ſhe knew the harmony of things,
As well as that of ſounds, from diſcords ſprings;
Such was the diſcord, which di ſt firſt diſperſe
Forme, order, beauty through the univerſe:
While dryneſſe moiſture, coldneſſe heat reſiſts,
All that we have, and that we are ſubſiſts:
While the ſteepe horrid roughneſſe of the wood
Strives with the gentle calmneſſe of the flood.
Such huge extremes when Nature doth unite,
Wonder from thence reſults, from thence delight;
The ſtreame is ſo tranſparent, pure, and cleare,
That had the ſelfe-enamour'd youth gaz'd here, — *Narciſſus.*
So fatally deceiv'd he had not beene,
While he the bottome, not his face had ſeene.
And ſuch the roughneſſe of the Hill, on which
Dyana'her royles, and *Mars* his tents might pitch.
And as our ſurly ſupercilious Lords,
Bigge in their frownes, and haughty in their words,
Looke downe on thoſe, whoſe humble fruitfull paine
Their proud, and barren greatneſſe muſt ſuſteine:
So lookes the Hill upon the ſtreame, betweene
There lies a ſpatious, and a fertile Greene; — *Egham Meade.*
Where from the woods, the *Dryades* oft meet
The *Nayades*, and with their nimble feet
Soft dances lead, although their airie ſhap
All but a quicke Poëticke ſight eſcape;
There *Faunus* and *Sylvanus* keepe their Courts,
And thither all the horrid hoaſt reſorts,

(When like the Elixar, with his evening beames,
The Sunne has turn'd to gold the ſilver ſtreames)
To graze the ranker Meade, that noble Herd,
On whoſe ſublime, and ſhady fronts is rear'd
Natures great Maſter-peice, to ſhew how ſoone
Great things are made, but ſooner much undone.
Here have I ſeene our *Charles*, when great affaires
Give leave to ſlacken, and unbend his cares,
Chaſing the royall Stagge; the gallant beaſt,
Rowz'd with the noyſe, 'twixt hope and feare diſtreſt,
Reſolv's 'tis better to avoyd, then meet
His danger, truſting to his winged feet:
But when he ſees the dogs, now by the view
Now by the ſcent his ſpeed with ſpeed purſue,
He tries his freinds, amongſt the leſſer Herd,
Where he bur lately was obey'd, and feard,
Safety he ſeekes; the herd unkindly wiſe,
Or chaſes him from thence, or from him flies;
Like a declining Stateſman, left forlorne
To his freinds pitty, and purſuers ſcorne;
Wearied, forſaken, and purſued, at laſt
All ſafety in deſpaire of ſafery plac't;
Courage he thence aſſumes, reſolv'd to beare
All their aſſaultes ſince 'tis in vaine to feare;
But when he ſees the eager chaſe renu'd,
Himſelfe by dogs, the dogs by men purſu'd;
When neither ſpeed, nor art, nor freinds, nor force
Could helpe him, towards the ſtreame he bends his courſe;
Hoping thoſe leſſer beaſts would not aſſay
An Element more mercileſſe then they:
But fearleſſe they purſue, nor can the floud
Quench their dire thirſt, (alas) they thirſt for bloud.
As ſome brave *Hero*, whom his baſer foes
In troops ſurround, now theſe aſſaile, now thoſe,
Though prodigall of life, diſdaines to die
By vulgar hands, but if he can deſcry
Some Nobler foe's approach, to him he cals
And begs his fate, and then contented fals:

So

So the tall Stagge, amids the leſſer hounds
Repels their force, and wounds returnes for wounds,
Till *Charles* from his unerring hand lets flie
A mortall ſhaft, then glad and proud to dye
By ſuch a wound, he fals, the Chriſtall floud
Dying he dies, and purples with his bloud:
This a more Innocent, and happy chaſe
Then when of old, but in the ſelfe-ſame place,
Faire Liberty purſude, and meant a Prey
To tyranny, here turn'd, and ſtood at bay.
When in that remedy all hope was plac't,
Which was, or ſhould have beene at leaſt, the laſt.
For armed ſubjects can have no pretence
Againſt their Princes, but their juſt defence;
And whether then, or no, I leave to them
To juſtifie, who elſe themſelves condemne.
Yet might the fact be juſt, if we may gueſſe
The juſtneſſe of an action from ſucceſſe,
Here was that Charter ſeal'd, wherein the Crowne
All markes of Arbitrary power layes downe:
Tyrant and Slave, thoſe names of hate and feare,
The happier ſtile of King and Subject beare:
Happy when both to the ſame Center move;
When Kings give liberty, and Subjects love.
Therefore not long in force this Charter ſtood
Wanting that ſeale, it muſt be ſeal'd in blood.
The Subjects arm'd, the more their Princes gave,
But this advantage tooke, the more to crave:
Till Kings by giving, give themſelves away,
And even that power, that ſhould deny, betray,
"Who gives conſtrain'd, but his owne feare reviles,
"Not thank't, but ſcorn'd, nor are they gifts, but ſpoyles.
And they, whom no denyall can withſtand,
Seeme but to aske, while they indeed command.
Thus all to limit Royalty conſpire,
While each forgets to limit his deſire.
Till Kings like old *Antæus* by their fall,
Being forc't, their courage from deſpaire recall,

Runny Meade where the great Charter was firſt ſealed.

Magna Charta.

When

When a calme River raiſ'd with ſudden raines,
Or Snowes diſſolv'd o'reflowes th'adjoyning Plaines,
The Husbandmen with high rais'd bankes ſecure
Their greedy hopes, and this he can endure.
But if with Bogs, and Dammes they ſtrive to force,
His channell to a new, or narrow courſe,
No longer then within his bankes he dwels,
Firſt to a Torrent, then a Deluge ſwels;
Stronger, and fiercer by reſtraint, he roares,
And knowes no bound, but makes his powers his ſhores:
Thus Kings by graſping more then they can hold,
Firſt made their Subjects by oppreſſions bold,
And popular ſway by forcing Kings to give
More, then was fit for Subjects to receive,
Ranne to the ſame extreame; and one exceſſe
Made both, by ſtirring to be greater, leſſe;
Nor any way, but ſeeking to have more,
Makes either looſe, what each poſſeſt before.
Therefore their boundleſſe power let Princes draw
Within the Channell, and the ſhores of Law,
And may that Law, which teaches Kings to ſway
Their Scepters, teach their Subjects to obey.

FINIS.